

which was acceptable, as they swore he would soon report himself elsewhere. In company with others, I went to the Park and marked out Barrett; on parade the following night, he was shot, when crossing Caroline Bridge in company with a lady. Several conjectures were affixed as to the cause of the act, but none struck the right chord; day after day placards were posted up with the Mayor's signature, offering a large reward, which was soon either effaced, or pulled down; several persons were apprehended on suspicion, but were speedily released, the real perpetrators escaping in safety. I sought him who prompted Steward, and brought the letters to me that made my heart bleed. It was he who paid the hireling wretches the price of their perjury when they swore I was a prostitute previous to my acquaintance with Steward. Oh, dreadful revenge, if I must avenge hereafter as I caused others! The time of my birth was that of war, but I must not; I dare not, look to the future. I left the city for some time, and returned again on receipt of the news of Steward's regiment having received orders for India. I resolved to assassinate him on the quay. I stood in readiness, a plume after column passed on, but to my surprise he did not appear. I soon found he did not go with the regiment. I then applied to military records, but no trace of his transfer was there to be found. I then applied to the War Office, and found he had sold out. First I heard he went to Belfast, but soon discovered my mistake; again I heard he went to Drogheda, but was again frustrated; after which I determined to proceed to the neighborhood of the family residence, where I might find a clue to his whereabouts. On arriving at Monaghan, I was informed of the death of his father and the transfer of the estate, but that an aged uncle, without issue, whose name was Wilson, resided at Glasslough; that after the death of the uncle he, Steward, would be the heir. I resolved to produce that effect, if it would only bring Steward home. I then applied for and obtained a situation as waitress at a hotel where Wilson put up when in town. I do not remember how long after, but the Monday before Christmas of the same year, 1846, he, in company with his niece, came in. I showed them up stairs to a private room, and brought the beer, in which I placed that which made them sleep, from which they never awoke. I entered during the night, and strewed around several tokens of violence, and made several apparent gashes in French, and then extracted from him all the money he had, which was considerable, and then returned to my room, which was in the garret, and did not come down until I was alarmed by the noise of the discovery. During that day the excited